

3 1761 04645124 1

Lemon, Mark

Gwynneth Vaughan Original
complete ed.

2
33
19

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

GWYNNETH VAUGHAN.

By MARK LEMON, ESQ.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

* * THIS PLAY CAN BE PERFORMED WITHOUT RISK OF INFRINGING ANY RIGHTS.

LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

ADVERTISEMENT

MUSIC.

DICKS' PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

This book is full music size, and contains instructions and exercises, full of beautiful melody, which will not weary the student in their study, thus rendering it the best Pianoforte Guide ever issued. It contains as much matter as those books for which six times the amount is charged. The work is printed on toned paper of superior quality, in good and large type. Price One Shilling post free, Two pence extra.

CZERNY'S STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

These celebrated Studies in precision and velocity, for which the usual price has been Half-a-Guinea, is now issued at One Shilling, post free, three pence extra. Every student of the Pianoforte ought to possess this companion to the tutor to assist him in obtaining proficiency on the instrument.

DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD OPERAS (full music sheet with Italian, French, or German and English Words. Now ready:—

DONIZETTI'S "L'UCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d.
BOSSINI'S "IL PASTORALE," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d.
Elegantly bound in cloth, with lettered, 5s. each. Other are in the Press. Delivered carriage free for Eightpence extra per copy to any part of the United Kingdom.

SIMS REEVES' SIX CELEBRATED TENOR SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling.
Pilgrim of Love. Bishop.—Dash of Nelson. Brahms.—Aladdin. Beethoven.—The Thorn. Schubert.—The Anchor. Wagner.—Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee. Hodgson.

ADELINA PATRICK'S SIX FAVOURITE SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling. These be none of Beauty's Daughters. Maule's obo.—Park, hark, the Lark. Schubert.—Home, Sweet Home. Beethoven.—The Last Rose of Summer. T. Moore.—Where the Bee Sucks. Dr. Arne.—Tell me, my Heart. Bishop.

CHARLES SANTLEY'S SIX POPULAR BARITONE SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling.
The Lark of the Village. Dibdin.—The Wanderer. Schubert.—In Childhood My Toys. Lortzinger.—I'm Bowling. Dibdin.—Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep. Knight.—Matilda. Purcell.

Any of the above Songs can also be had separately, price Threepence each.

MUSICAL TREASURES.—Full Music size, price Fourpence. Now Publishing Weekly. A Complete Repository of the best English and Foreign Music, ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental, solo and concerted, with critical and biographical annotations, for the pianoforte.

1 My Normandy (German)

2 And Robin

3 La Symphonie

4 The Pilgrim

5 Di Pese

6 The Anchor

7 The Anchor

8 A Woman

9 Oh, Maud

10 Above the World

11 The Marriage

12 Norma (Duet)

13 Let's Heavenly

14 In Childhood

15 White Beauty

16 The Harp

17 The Manly Hero

18 Beethoven's

19 In the Lark

20 Where the Bee

21 Ah, Fate Drear

22 La Petite Fleur

23 Angels eye

24 Should I ever

25 His and a little

26 My Mother

27 Coming

28 Beautiful

29 Tell me, my Heart

30 I know a Bank

31 The Minstrel Boy

32 Homing

33 See what Pretty

34 Don't whine

35 Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee



PR
4883
L6G9
1882

981785

32 How Valiant and Right (Song)
33 Woman's Fugacity (Song)
34 Echo Duet
35 The Meeting at the Waters (Irish Melody)
36 Lark in the Garden (Lark)
37 Beethoven's Waltzes (Second Series)
38 Child of Earth (The Golden Hair) (Song)
39 Should I ever (Song)

London: JOHN DODS, 318, Strand, and all Booksellers.

G W Y N N E T H V A U G H A N .

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

BY MARK LEMON, ESQ.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 5.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, Easter Monday, 1840.

JOHN WILLIAMS	} (Farmers)	{ Mr. Baker.	DAVID	Mr. Spencer.
JAN PRITCHARD		{ Mr. Holl.	WAITER	Mrs. Beckett.
THOMAS JOHNS	} (Farmers)	{ Mr. Halford.	GWYNNETH VAUGHAN.	Mrs. Stirling.
UGH MORGAN (A Village School-			LYDDY PRYSE (Cousin to	
master)		Mr. Wild.	Gwynneth)	Miss M. A. Atkinson
ORGAN MORGAN (Boatswain of the		Mr. Brookes.	BETSY THOMAS (Chambermaid	
"Telemachus")			at the Golden Leek)	Mrs. Stephens.
ARMER VAUGHAN (Father of			DAME WILLIAMS	Mrs. Garrick.
Gwynneth)...		Mr. Turnour.	PEASANTS, &c., &c.	

No. 345. Dicks' Standard Plays.

COSTUME.

OWEN WILLIAMS.—Drab coat, white breeches, long leather gaiters, hat with buckle.—2nd dress.—Sailor's.

EVAN PRITCHARD.—Dark brown suit.

THOMAS JOHNS.—Hat, breeches, gaiters,

HUGH MORGAN.—Grey coat, white breeches, blue stockings, ankle boots. 2nd dress.—Nankeen trousers.

MORGAN MORGAN.—Sailor's dress, white trousers. 2nd dress.—Pea jacket, blue trousers.

FARMER VAUGHAN.—Farmer's dress, white flowing wig.

PEASANTS.—Countrymen's dresses.

GWYNNETH VAUGHAN.—Brown Welsh jacket, blue petticoat, hat.

LYDDY PRISE.—Welsh dress, flowered body, hat. 2nd dress.—Old woman's. 3rd dress.—Black.

PEASANTS.—Regular dresses—Welsh.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R. R.C. C. L.C. L.

* * The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

GWYNNETH VAUGHAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Town of Tremadoc.—Side houses—two or three entrances E. H.—Cattle Market in the distance.*

Enter LYDDY PRYSE and HUGH MORGAN,
L. H. U. E.

Lyddy. Mister Morgan, Mister Morgan, why will you be following me? if you have anything to tell me, surely you can do it without treading my shoes down at the heel in this manner; I vow you are always hunting me about, like a hawk after a poor pigeon.

Hugh. I always hunting you about! well, that is what I call an hyperbole—when all the village knows that you come after me as regularly as the objective case after an active verb.

Lyddy. The objective case? what do you mean by that, sir?

Hugh. Here's a beautiful state of ignorance! don't know the meaning of the objective case! well, you certainly are to be pitied; however, I can't afford to teach you grammar gratis—Lindley Murray is too valuable a commodity in these parts to be given away, like soup, to the poor. Besides, my learning is all I have to depend upon.

Lyddy. And, consequently you are obliged to be most economical. But don't alarm yourself, Mr. Morgan, I don't want any of your learning; many's the lady that knows the French for brewing and baking and yet isn't able to do it.

Hugh. Ah, Lyddy, if your education was only as good as your looks—if those two capital eyes of yours, as round and as black as two periods, with those beautiful brows arched over them like a brace of circumflexes, only understood something of Orthography—and if that sweet little parenthesis of a mouth could but rehearse the rules of Syntax—I verily believe I might be tempted to offer to go through the first conjugation with you myself—Amo, I love; Amas, thou lovest, &c.

Lyddy. And if you did, perhaps you might find that I know enough grammar to decline.

Hugh. Decline an offer! I rather think I should find you knew more of prudence than to do that. No, no, Miss Lyddy, man is a substantive, and can exist by itself, but woman is a noun objective, and requires to be joined to something else. Now your cousin Gwynneth can afford to be fastidious, she isn't turned of twenty-four, she may indulge in the luxury of a no, but there is a certain party—however, I've no wish to hurt your feelings, age is venerable, as the copy-book says.

Lyddy. Go on, sir! pray don't mind me! get rid of all your spleen! However, I can tell you this, that even if I were four and twenty—which I am not—

Hugh. Of course not! age with women, is always

an indefinite article—but I beg your pardon, even if you were five and twenty—

Lyddy. Yes, sir! and you the only bachelor in the world, I'd rather devote my whole life to celibacy and cats, than put up with such a make-shift of a man as yourself. Now, Mr. Owen Williams is a man.

Hugh. Owen Williams a man! well that is a good one! why there's no more spirit in him than in a jug of table beer. Do you think I'd ever become the slave of any of your sex? Do you think I'd ever dangle at the heels of any female, like a log of wood after a strayed mare? Do you think I'd ever permit any silly girl to make me jealous? No, not if she were a *Venus* and a *Plutus* rolled into one.

Lyddy. Oh! don't alarm yourself, sir, no one will ever make you jealous, depend on't you've no more love in you than a lobster, and possess about as much heart as a perrivinkle.

Hugh. Ah! now you're growing spiteful, angry at my deficiency in that respect, wish I'd a little more of the commodity, eh? Anxious to supply me with a small quantity yourself. Well, I don't know, but I might go to a worse shop for it. Let's have a kiss now, by way of sample, Lyddy, and I promise you if I like the article, I'll give you an order for a gross.

Lyddy. Ay, but on what terms, Hugh?

Hugh. Humph! d'ye give any credit?

Lyddy. No, can't afford it.

Hugh. What, suffered too much by bad debts already?

Lyddy. No, but you men are not to be trusted—only give you credit, and you will soon make a bankrupt of a poor maid, I warrant.

Hugh. Any objection to a promissory note, then?

Lyddy. None, provided you get the parson to put his name to it.

Hugh. Just one on credit.

(Kisses her.)

Lyddy. Be quiet with you, do! See—yonder comes Evan Pritchard! I cannot bear the look of that man—there is a terrible brilliancy in his eye which makes me tremble in his sight, for all the world like the poor birds with the serpent I've heard you tell of. So I shall leave you to him—and I say, Hugh, if you should buy me a fairing, do let it be something else than a grammar or a spelling book this time.

[Exit, R. H. 2 E.]

Hugh. Ah, that's the way, prefers sweetmeats to Syntax, and ribbons to Orthography! but where ignorance is bliss—as Entick says in his Speaker.

Enter EVAN PRITCHARD, L. H. U. E.

Hugh. Why, Evan, you seem as full of thought as an axiom! what ails you—bought a spavined mare perhaps?

Evan. Pshaw! do you think that the only way to a man's heart is through his pocket?

Hugh. Why truly, that is the Achilles' heel—the only vulnerable point with people now-a-days; but there are exceptions to the rule; now the most direct road to my heart is down my throat; it's astonishing how much better I think of the world after a good dinner.

Evan. And to a woman's heart, which think you is the shortest route?

Hugh. Can't say, I'm sure, never having studied the geography of that quarter; but I should say that a few month's reading, writing, and arithmetic would put any-one in a fair way to it. Spelling's everything in a love letter; you've heard of love spells—means correct orthography—you can't tell the advantages of learning.

Evan. Tush, man!

Hugh. Oh! in the objective case! won't do, Master Evan! I know to whom your wishes point! Gwynneth Vaughan; but it won't do; Owen's there before you.

Evan. How dare you taunt me? were it my desire to win the heart of that wayward girl, no earthly consideration should interfere between my wish and its fulfilment.

Hugh. Well, that's modest, I declare!

Evan. What comparison with Owen shall I fear? my limbs are as supple as his, my intellect as clear, my years less in number. I have loved her as long—as ardently as he has; when the happiness of my own life depends upon the throw, I will seek to win, by a fair chance or a foul design.

(Retires up.)

Hugh. Well, that's an honest confession; as your morality seems to be an exception to the rule, I beg that you'll permit me to—wish you a very good day.

[Exit R. H. 1 E.]

Evan. (Pettishly.) Good day. Every fool learns my secret! Why was not my heart adamant?—my eyes but mirrors to reflect, not to imbihe the beauty of the image they received—and yet I love her so madly, that be the issue shame, I will—I must have her.

Enter OWEN WILLIAMS, R. H. 2 E.

Owen. Well met, Evan—have you seen Gwynneth?

Evan. Ay, as usual, surrounded by a score of lovers.

Owen. Again!

Evan. Why that surprise from Owen? I thought you knew Gwynneth Vaughan too well to be surprised at her coquetting.

Owen. I know her too well to hear of her folly and not feel it. Evan, from you I have concealed nothing; you know that once she all but confessed her love for me. This braid is her hair, she has a like token from me.

Evan. (Aside.) This is torture to me! (Aloud.) Owen you are my friend, if none other will dare to tell you—what is known to all but you, I will, though you may hate me for it.

Owen. What do you mean?

Evan. The preference which you blindly think you have attained, is a feeling unknown to Gwynneth Vaughan: her vanity could never be contented with a single worshipper; like a cunning priestess, she gives hope to all, but assurance to none.

Owen. Evan, I'll not believe it!

Evan. Owen, I have had my hour; but I have

escaped from my thralldom, and can see the worth of such a heart—cold as the dead.

Owen. I dare you to the proof.

(A loud laugh outside, L. H. U. E.)

Evan. Look there, then! see where she comes, surrounded by flatterers of all characters and minds! and see, she slight's not one! no! her pride is too great to lose even one proselyte.

Enter GWYNNETH VAUGHAN, surrounded by YOUNG MEN, L. H. U. E., and LYDDY PRYSE, R. H. 2 E.

Gwyn. (C.) How you plague one! I will not dance again till the evening.

Johns. (L.) But you promised—

Gwyn. Then I promise again. There are plenty of other girls, who are dying for partners—why not seek them? I shan't dance.

Johns. But they are not like you, Gwynneth.

Gwyn. What a very flattering compliment.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Johns. I hope I have not offended you, Gwynneth; to think so would make me unhappy.

Gwyn. Offend me! there, don't look so miserable—there's my hand. (Johns kisses it.)

Owen. (R.) Evan is right, she has favours for all!

Gwyn. (Perceives Owen.) Hey-day! another of my melancholy lovers, I declare! Good morning, Mr. Williams.

Owen. Mr. Williams!

Gwyn. Well, don't pout, you shan't be a gentleman if you don't like it.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Owen. 'Tis well, Gwynneth to make a jest of me.

Gwyn. And why not of you, as well as of another? what special protection have you from being laughed at?

Owen. You, at least, ought not to ask me that question, after—after what has passed between us.

Gwyn. Owen Williams, you forget yourself; no more has passed between us than our early friendship; but I'll not be annoyed by you: whenever I am in good spirits, you always seem delighted in making me uncomfortable.

Owen. I am no flatterer.

Omnes. Nor we!

Owen. Old friends, I want no quarrel with you.

Gwyn. No! I only am honoured by that distinction; oh! how I shall envy your wife.

Owen. Have I not had reason to think that might be yourself.

Gwyn. Never! the heart of Gwynneth Vaughan is as free as the air she breathes.

Owen. Friends, you hear what a noble prize is offered for your contention—go, think upon its value, and when you have cheated yourself into a belief of its worth, devote the best affections you possess to win it; but beware! be warned by one who has preceded you—I have abandoned all here (putting his hand to his heart) to her; and my reward is the return you have witnessed. Good-bye, Gwynneth, may you be happier than Owen Williams.

[Exit R. H. 1 E.]

Gwyn. Indeed! what a pity Owen is a farmer, he would have made an excellent preacher.

Omnes. Ha, ha!

Lyddy. (Coming down, L. H.) Cousin!

Gwyn. La! I'd forgotten you.

Lyddy. And yourself too, Gwynneth.

Gwyn. Pardon me; one sermon is enough for a fair day, (Turns and sees **Evan**, R. H.) Ah, **Evan**! (Lyddy retires up to the Peasants.)

Evan. So, you have offended your lover again! **Gwyn.** Offended! he is always taking offence; but **Evan**, I beg that you will not for the future speak of him to me in the terms you just used.

Evan. What did I say?

Gwyn. You called him my lover; there is no reason why he should be called so, as far as I am concerned.

Evan. (Pointing to ribbon round Gwynneth's neck.) And yet you wear his token!

Gwyn. (Breaks the string to which a locket is hung and throws it away.) There, you see how highly he is prized. (To Peasants.) Who'll be my beau across the meadow?

Omnès. II! II! II!

Gwyn. Well, all, be it then. Good-bye, **Evan**, you will join our dance in the homestead in the evening. Oh! if Mr. Williams could see me now, like a princess of old, with my guards of honour—ha, ha!

[Exit with male Peasants and Lyddy, L. H. 1 E.]

Evan. I shall not hope, Gwynneth; there is hope yet. (Picks up locket.) This alone will bring conviction to Owen's mind.

(Retires up.)

Enter **OWEN WILLIAMS**, R. H. 1 E.

Owen. Spurned! laughed at! why should I torment myself for one so fickle? why not cast her off for ever from my heart—and—ah, **Evan**!

Evan. (Advancing.) **Owen**, I am glad I've found you.

Owen. I cannot ask for what you have sought me.

Evan. I told you all I thought of Gwynneth Vaughan; you dared me to produce a proof of my assertions.

Owen. Stay, **Evan**! stay, for mercy's sake! she cannot be so cold—so heartless—as—

Evan. To make a jest of your love for her—within this hour she has ridiculed your passion, repeated all your protestations to excite the laughter of the crowd—unwillingly, **Owen**, I became the solver of your doubts. Do you know this token?

(Showing the locket.)

Owen. It was my first gift to her.

Evan. 'Tis her last to me.

Owen. Faithless! May all her hopes be crushed as mine have been—may the agony that now consumes me—what am I doing? forgive me, heaven—forgive me.

Evan. **Owen**, be a man—treat this unworthy girl as she deserves. If more proof be wanting—

Owen. Enough, **Evan**! leave me—leave me.

Evan. Farewell then, **Owen**! Oh, Gwynneth Gwynneth—I dare not think on all I'm yielding for thy love.

[Exit, L. H. 1 E.]

Owen. And this is her treatment of one who has loved her as I have done—I cannot bear to think upon it. What shall I do? see her, and be spurned again? no—disdainful girl, you shall find that **Owen Williams** has a pride equal to your own.

[Exit, R. H. 3 E.]

SCENE II.—Interior of a Cottage.—Chair and Table.

Enter **HUGH MORGAN**, R.

Hugh. Well, fairs, like fine weather, won't last for ever, more's the pity. Ha, ha! Lyddy Pryse too, wants to inveigle me into love—no, no, I'll not marry, I'll content myself with whipping children instead of nursing them; now to prepare for the morrow. (Takes copy-book and begins writing.) Griffiths improves, but that Jones has no more idea of a pothook than a crow has of a Custom-house holiday.

Morgan Morgan. (Without, L. 1 E. sings.)

“Britannia's sons are sons at sea,
In battle always—”

Skipper ahoy! what, do you only keep dead reckoning aboard?

Hugh. Reckoning and board;—some drunken fellow that has left the inn without paying his score, and now his conscience pricks him.

Mor. (Very loud.) Ahoy, I say, dead? you land-lubbers are deaf as a bulkhead—hallo my hearty!

Enters L. 1 E., slightly intoxicated, carrying a bread-bag.

Hugh. You sea monster, advance another step and I'll knock you down with the ruler.

Mor. Ruler! (Sings.) “Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves.” Who do you stare at? did you never see a man-o'-war's boatswain afore, you shore lout.

Hugh. I don't half like him; he seems in the potential mood.

Mor. Arn't you a tongue in your head? If you're the chap I think you be, and you takes after your mother, you ought to have a precious long ‘un. Is your name Morgan?

Hugh. It is—**Hugh Morgan**, at your service.

Mor. Then give me your grapnel—I'm going to tell you summat that'll make you proud—I'm your uncle.

Hugh. Uncle!—my uncle!

Mor. Ay, your uncle, **Morgan Morgan**, who left this village thirty years ago, a poor uneducated know-nothing of a landsman, but who is now boatswain of H. M. S., the Tollymachus, and as able a seaman as ever stepped afore a mast, though I say it as shouldn't say it. Now ain't you proud?

Hugh. Why, yes, I think I am—for you look like an honest man, and a brave one.

(Shakes hands.)

Mor. Nevey, you're a desarving ingi—ingi—you know what I means, its a foreign word that our captain uses; but let's come to an anchor, for I've only liberty for three hours.

Hugh. Short holidays at your school, uncle; but sit down while I run to the inn and fetch a quart of ale.

Mor. Ale! not if I know it—I never takes doctor's stuff; where's my bread-bag?

Hugh. Why, you're not angry?

Mor. Angry!—not I, lad. I never takes amiss what's offered in kindness, not if it war' an enemy's broadside. Look here, my boy, this here is what I call England's glory.

(Produces a small keg.)

Hugh. That! why, it's no larger than the first degree of comparison.

Mor. Mayhap not; but it's like the captain's cocked hat, it ain't the size on't, but what's in it. I've seen such a thing as this make the youngster

trembling on the nettings, mount to the top-gallants like an old seaman; I've seen it dry up the tear in the eye of a brave man, when ugly thoughts of home and wife came over him; and when the ship has pitched and groaned with the biting of the storm, I've seen such a thing as this make every heart in the crew, even the marines, as bold as lions.

Hugh. Indeed! then it's a desirable commodity.

Mor. No, it's grog—grog, the only word I could ever learn to spell except Nelson, here's to ye, boy.

(Drinks heartily.)

Hugh. You seem partial to glory, uncle—not much that's consumptive about you.

Mor. Here! *(Gives keg.)* I'm a plain, seafaring man with a tolerable stowage, and room for as much grog as the purser can serve with his thumb out to it.

Hugh. Upon my life this is an example of practice that I should like to follow every day.

Mor. So you ought; it's as good a drop of three quarters grog as ever entered the porthole of any man's head.

(Drinks.)

Hugh. Three quarter grog—I'll set that for Master Higgins' next copy.

Mor. Ah! it's a good thing to bring children up to, saves 'em from being milksops.

Hugh. True—glory after you, uncle.

(Drinks.)

Mor. Now, nevey; I've something to say to you. I heard as I com'd along, that poor brother and sister were dead and gone, and what grieved me more, that you've turned schoolmaster.

Hugh. Why should that grieve you? honourable profession, delightful task, to teach the young idea how to shoot.

Mor. Shoot! tell that to the marines—that's the gunner's duty. Nevey, if you values my peace of mind—*(feels in his pocket.)* D—e, where's my pigtail?

Hugh. Pigtail—at your back here.

Mor. That's not bacca—that's my natural tail. Oh! here it is. *(Finding his tobacco-box.)* Have a quid?

Hugh. *Pro quo*—I beg pardon, I'd rather not.

Mor. Rather not! that's what grieves me. Oh, nevey, nevey, learning's the cause of your ignorance. Out the haws of such precious nonsense, and stow away your shirts, if you has any, in my bread bag, come with me to sea, and I'll make you a 'spectable character.

(Drinks.)

Hugh. Go to sea! never again! I once ventured, and the vermicular motion sensibly affected my internal organisation.

(Drinks.)

Mor. Don't talk foreign to me, if there's one thing I hates, 'tis—

(Drinks—knocks.)

Hugh. Come in!

Enter OWEN WILLIAMS, L.

Ah, Owen!

Owen. I ask pardon, Hugh, I thought you were alone.

Mor. Oh! never mind me, I'm only his uncle.

Owen. Hugh, I am miserable.

Hugh. Miserable on a fair day, that's as singular as unit one.

Owen. Gwynneth is false to me.

Hugh. Love again! I'll cut that word out of the grammar.

Owen. My foolish vanity led me to believe that she returned my passion; but to-day, before all, in the open market-place, she has treated me with disdain.

Hugh. So much the better, 'tis 'but division instead of multiplication.

Owen. Morgan, you have never loved, have never known what it is to feel one presence needful to your peace, to walk among the beautiful and happy, and to find that if one were wanting there, the rest were as nothing to you; to start at a voice though it should utter but a word, and think that single tone excelled all minstrelsy.

(Crosses, R. H.)

Hugh. That's a vocative case that I never met with. Come, be not downhearted; taste a drop of England's glory, snap your fingers at love, or if you wish to be a noun of multitude, find some one with less affectation and more affection than Gwynneth Vaughan.

Owen. Impossible! it is not a slight offence that can estrange the heart from its first, its holiest love.

Mor. I beg your pardon, but I think I knows a cure for your disorder.

Hugh. Indeed! Love they say, is a perverse archin, and won't take physick.

Mor. Pshaw! I say, master, go to sea.

Hugh. What—would you give him an emetic?

Mor. No—I'd give him a berth on board the Tollymachus.

Owen. The old man has excited strange thoughts within me—the sea!—amid the turmoils and dangers of a sailor's life I may subdue this now hopeless passion. Friend, will you meet me, half an hour hence, upon the beach?

Mor. Ay, ay! Oh this love!

Hugh. Love! uncle, you are as ignorant of love as a mermaid.

Mor. Love! I tell you I have been in love.

Hugh. You—ha, ha!

Mor. Yes, old Sal Snouter and I has changed tokens; I've got one of her cap strings, and she's got a bit of my pigtail.

(Owen sits and writes, R.)

Hugh. Pigtail! what tobacco? a smoking proof of your flame.

Mor. I tell you what, nevey—I arn't perhaps a handsome genteelish way of doing it, but, I loved her almost as I did my poor old mother.

Owen. Ah! I have a mother, too; selfish heart, I had forgotten her! No, no, all may yet be well, I will not go. *(Crosses L.)* Gwynneth may repent of her unkindness.

[Exit L. H. 1. E.]

Mor. What off! that fellow's a sailor ready made; come, nevey, my liberty's up—where's my bread bag? *(Raises keg.)* Dry as a whaler's biscuit; steady Morgan, give us a tow, younker.

Hugh. A toe! It strikes me, uncle, that I've put my foot in it already. I say, did you ever see any whales at sea?

Mor. Ay, sometimes, nevey.

Hugh. I'll show you some, on shore to-morrow.

[Exit reeling, L. H. 1. E.—Clear stage.]

SCENE III.—Interior of Vaughan's barn, decorated as for a festival, garlands, &c.

Music.—Country dance, GWYNNETH and EVAN partners, DAME WILLIAMS, FARMER VAUGHAN, and others discovered, some dancing, others seated—Gwynneth appears anxious and weary of the dance, at length evinces faintness.

Evan. You are not well, Gwynneth?
Gwyn. 'Tis nothing—I am fatigued, I shall be better presently.

Dame. Come, child, sit down beside me, and rest awhile.

Vaughan. Nay, neighbours, do not let the dance stop. Gwynneth will soon be better.

Evan. Here, dear Gwynneth, lean on me.

Gwyn. No, Evan, I thank you, thank you kindly, but I do not need assistance now, (sits by Dame), thank you Dame—go join our dancers, Evan.

Evan. Not without you, Gwynneth; you know I am not over fond of such light sports, but you can make me prize anything that gives you pleasure.

Gwyn. Evan, you should not talk thus to me; I have told you that such compliments are unacceptable, nay, painful to me—pray join our friends.

(The others have been taking refreshments during this dialogue.)

Evan. 'Tis ever thus, your coldness chills my heart, Gwynneth; I love you better than any other can do—Why, will you not let me hope that some day I may be less hateful to you?

Gwyn. You are not hateful to me; I never knew anything but good of you; but our feelings are not under our control, and least of all, that which you would ask of me.

Evan. True, Gwynneth, I had forgotten that; I had forgotten that though our love be spurned, or unkindly met, it will not always die.

Gwyn. I understand you, Evan; Owen Williams is no more to me than one I have never met; my love he has not spurned—it has never been professed.

(Retires up.)

Evan. I fear I have gone too far, but at least I have alarmed her pride—my rival once banished from her heart, time may give me the ascendancy.

(Retires.)

Vaughan. Owen not arrived! that is somewhat strange.

Dame. My son not here?

Vaughan. No, dame. Gwynneth, where is Owen?

Gwyn. Why ask of me, father? Owen Williams is not accountable to me for his actions.

Dame. Ah, something is wrong here. Gwynneth Vaughan, when your poor mother died, these old arms received you—my Owen was then an infant, helpless as yourself; from the same founts of life you both were nurtured, for years the same cares provided for your wants and pleasures.

Gwyn. Why recall these things to me now, dame?—have I been ungrateful for your kindness?

Dame. I have not said you were; but Owen—Owen's infant affection grew into his manhood's love; you once led him to believe 'twas the same with you. He is not changed.

Gwyn. Do not talk thus to me—at least, not now.

Dame. One question, why is he not here to-night?

Gwyn. I—I don't know.

Dame. Your cheek tells me that you are deceiving me, Gwynneth; I have a right to ask the cause of Owen's absence. Have you been unkind to him?

Gwyn. I fear I have; but he knows my wayward temper—he knows that flatterers surround me, who yield to me all that form a woman's pride, and then—

Dame. Your foster brother, the simple-minded Owen, is forgotten and despised.

Gwyn. No, no! but then he chides me, not so much by words as by his looks—too often my heart tells me he is right, but I cannot confess to him his power—and to avoid this, I speak bitter words, that I would give worlds to recall.

(Weeps.)

Dame. Dry your eyes, Gwynneth, I will seek Owen, and bring him here.

Gwyn. No, not to-night—not here—I could not see him.

Dame. Why not? (Gwynneth hangs her head.) Your pride will not let you do what your heart tells you to be right; you fear the jeers of flatterers, who only seek to gratify your vanity, that they may the sooner rejoice over your humiliation or your ruin.

Gwyn. I will not be schooled in this manner; Gwynneth Vaughan fears no degradation; the pride you censure will preserve her.

Dame. Be not too confident, Gwynneth; minds as pure as yours have been no safeguard, when vanity has been their companion.

Gwyn. Is your lecture ended?

Dame. Yes; for the last time, I have named my poor son to you, and if his mother's prayers can turn him from his wishes, Gwynneth Vaughan has seen the last of Owen Williams.

[Exit, R. H. 1 E.]

Gwyn. Be it so; I'm glad of this, very glad.

Lyddy. (Advancing, L.) Cousin, won't you join us?

Gwyn. I have escaped perhaps from a tyrant, one who thinks that a woman's heart should be ice to all but one. I'm glad, very glad. (Weeps.)

Lyddy. And yet you are weeping; what's the matter?

Gwyn. Matter? nothing! nothing—at least that can interest others.

Lyddy. Is this your answer to me, cousin?

Gwyn. Yes! what have I done that I am to be teased and schooled by all? (Crosses to L. H.)

Lyddy. I have not schooled you, Gwynneth.

Gwyn. No, no! Forgive me, I am vexed—hurt, wronged—

Lyddy. What has vexed you? Ah! I can guess, Owen—Owen has disappointed you.

Gwyn. It is not in the power of Owen Williams to cause me a single regret; these flowers are not more surely separated from each other than I and Owen Williams. (Tearing a bouquet.)

Lyddy. Gwynneth, you are indeed wrong, to speak thus; if there is a kindly heart, a noble disposition, it is Owen's.

Gwyn. Then ask him to be your husband; ask him—that you may be spurned, chided, as I have been.

Lyddy. You speak of the occurrence of this morning. Cousin, you were wrong.

Gwyn. Of course! no one can err but me, but—

Evan. (*Advancing, R. H.*) Gwynneth, will you once more honour me with your hand?

Gwyn. Yes, *Evan.* You see it is not Owen's absence that causes my melancholy. Come, the dance, and this time, be assured, I will not disappoint you; come, the dance, the dance.

(*Dance, after which—*

Enter DAVID with letter, D. L.

David. (*As he enters.*) Where is Miss Gwynneth? I beg pardon. I've a letter for you, Miss Gwynneth.

Gwyn. For me, David?

David. Yes, miss; it's from Master Owen Williams.

Gwyn. From Owen! where? give it me, David, (*checks herself.*) I cannot read it now.

David. Master Owen begged of me to make haste, as he said it was very particular.

Gwyn. Shall I open it? He has written to ask my forgiveness—no, I'll humble his proud spirit! I'll send it back to him. David!

David. Yes, miss!

Gwyn. Nothing—nothing now. Yes, I think I will read it. He must have suffered already—if he loves me, I feel he must. (*Opens letter.*) What is this? the braid of hair I gave him—no word—yes, here is one, "Farewell!" no more, nothing but "Farewell!"

(*Drops letter and braid, and weeps bitterly.*)

Evan. Is this the return he makes you for your love. Oh! had this been your gift to me, no change, no time could have made it valueless—Gwynneth, he could not have loved you.

(*Takes her hand.*)

Gwyn. Viper! your touch is poisonous.

Evan. (*R.*) Gwynneth.

Gwyn. But for you I feel that cold word had not been written—but for your flatteries he would not have been stung, as he must have been, to sever the love of years.

Evan. Gwynneth, you wrong me—Owen knew not all your worth.

Gwyn. My worth! he knew my faults—and yet he loved me.

Vaughan. Gwynneth, my child. (*Lights down.*)

Gwyn. Father, you alone can aid me; I have wronged, deeply wronged Owen; seek him, father, tell him that the proud girl who could not bear his kind remonstrance—on her knees asks his forgiveness.

Hugh Morgan. (*Without, L.*) Farmer Vaughan—Gwynneth—Lyddy Pryse—Farmer Vaughan—

(*He runs in breathless.*)

Omnes. What's the matter?

Hugh. Owen Williams has gone to sea.

Gwyn. 'Tis false! No, no!

Hugh. The boat left the shore—I ran here—he has not yet reached the ship—see—see—

(*He throws open the doors of the barn, &c., showing a moonlight view of the sea—ship in the offing, towards which a boat is seen progressing, a figure standing in the stern sheets—Gwynneth points to it, endeavours to speak, staggers towards the doors, shrieks, and faints in her father's arms.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

An Interval of Five Years elapses between the Acts.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Country Inn. Chairs, table, and writing materials.*

Enter LYDDY and HUGH MORGAN, L. H. I. E.

Lyddy. I am so glad you're come back, Hugh, for ever since you've been away I've done nothing but make misfits, and prick my fingers.

Hugh. Those are some of the miseries of millinery—by-the-bye, how does the shop thrive?

Lyddy. Excellent! I've orders now for three bonnets, two wedding dresses, and eight babies' caps.

Hugh. What a number of babies' caps, to two wedding dresses.

Lyddy. Hugh, for shame! but are you not pleased that I am so much encouraged?

Hugh. Delighted! though I don't know why I should be.

Lyddy. Indeed! it would serve you right if I never spoke to you again—but is London the fine place they say it is?

Hugh. Quite as fine, and quite as wicked.—As for the living, I wonder they ain't starved—bread as white as chalk—milk as blue as my stockings—and cheese that wouldn't tempt a Welsh mouse—and as for leeks, they never see such a thing, but on St. David's Day.

Lyddy. La! what a horrid place! and their mountains—have they mountains?

Hugh. Mountains! they've two or three things they call hills! they wouldn't spoil one of our bowling greens.

Lyddy. Then I wouldn't live in London—to be made court milliner! but tell me, have you heard any tidings of Owen?

Hugh. No! uncle says that after he was drafted on board the *Telemachus*, he's heard no news of him.

Lyddy. Ah! then he was drowned no doubt, when the ship was wrecked. Poor Owen!

Hugh. But I've some bad news to tell you.

Lyddy. What is it?

Hugh. Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

Lyddy. What does that mean?

Hugh. That love's like a hedgehog, full of prickles. I've some bad news for you—uncle's got a fortune.

Lyddy. Nothing particular bad in that.

Hugh. I'm to be his heir.

Lyddy. So much the better!

Hugh. Provided, Lyddy—provided—

Lyddy. What?

Hugh. That I don't marry you.

Lyddy. What have I done to offend him?

Hugh. Nothing! but the old Grampus has lived so long on the sea, that he believes there is nothing good on the land.

Lyddy. Why, he would not have you marry a mermaid?

Hugh. I think he would, if he could catch one; but the truth is this, that if I splice myself to anyone but a sailor's darter, he'll set me adrift, cut my hawse, scuttle me, and send me to "Davy Jones."

Lyddy. Well, I'll go with you—that is if you wish it, Hugh.

Hugh. Wish it—to be sure I do—he may keep his fortune; you shall furnish caps in one room, while I polish blockheads in another.

Lyddy. So I will, Hugh, and there will not be many happier couples than we shall be.

(*Kisses her.*)

Enter BETSY THOMAS, R.

Betsy. Ha, Cousin Lyddy! I've caught you, have I?

Lyddy. Well, it's only Hugh.

Hugh. That is, it's not you, but me.

Betsy. Ah, it runs in the family, for your old uncle has been kissing our cook. Fie, Lyddy!

Lyddy. Well, wait till you've a sweetheart.

Betsy. I'll never have one—look at poor Gwynneth Vaughan.

Lyddy. Poor Gwynneth!

Betsy. Ever since the news of Owen's death at sea, her mind has been disordered. I'll never fall in love and make myself miserable. (Bell.) There's that bell again! (crosses, L.) that thing's clapper is always going.

[Exit, L.]

Hugh. Yes, *Belle* is a noun substantive of the feminine gender; but come Lyddy, I've a little scheme to tell you of, that I think will win my uncle to consent to our union, and if not—

Lyddy. Well, if not?

Hugh. Why, we'll marry without, and trust to perseverance and population.

DUET—Perseverance and Population, and *Exeunt*, R.

Enter MORGAN MORGAN and WAITER, L. H.

Mor. Where have you stowed my chest?

Waiter. It has been removed into your room, sir.

Mor. Hark'ye, Mister! I hate your d—d land nicknames for things—why don't you call it a berth? Where's my nevey?

Waiter. I beg pardon, sir, I've lived in London all my life—your what, sir?

Mor. You've some new-fangled name for a nevey, I suppose! my nevey's my brother Tom's son—now do you know what a nevey is?

Waiter. O, Mr. Hugh Morgan! he ran up the street and entered the milliner's emporium.

Mor. A milliner's—you lying marine—what could he want in a milliner's emp—emp—porium?

Waiter. Perhaps the milliner, sir.

Mor. Mayhap!—might have made a signal before he parted company tho'.

Waiter. They do say, he's going to marry Lyddy Pryse.

Mor. Who's Lyddy Pryse?

Waiter. The milliner, sir.

Mor. They do, does they?—marry a she tailor! if he does, I'm—no matter! I'll overhaul that log sheet with him in private—have you sent for the slops?

Waiter. The slops, sir?

Mor. O, I have landed in a strange country—don't know what slops is! What do you call these? (Pointing to his trousers.)

Waiter. Pantaloons!

Mor. Pantaloons! That ever I should live to hear my lower stu'nails called pantaloons! What the devil do you call this?

(Touches his jacket.)

Waiter. Why, sir, if it were on a boy I should call it a jacket; but as it is on you I should call it a spencer.

Mor. Should you! you'll tell old Morgan Morgan that, that he wears a spencer! will you?

(Strikes him.)

Waiter. Hallo, sir! I shan't stand this, I shall commence an action of assault and battery!

Mor. You begin an action to assault a battery! my precious eyes! that's a yarn for the marines!

(Waiter rubs his shoulder.) What are you hollystoning your shoulder in that way for?

Waiter. You have hurt me, sir!

Mor. Have I? that's wrong; there's a plaster (gives money) and now do you know what slops is?

Waiter. I presume you do mean garments?

Mor. Of course I do—I shall make you as knowing as a two-year-old middy—well, where are the garments?

Waiter. The tailor is down stairs.

Mor. Below I suppose you mean?

Waiter. Shall I send him up, sir?

Mor. No, but you may a glass of three quarter grog.

Waiter. Three quarter grog!

Mor. Now don't tempt me to murder you.

Waiter. I won't, sir; (Aside) an old savage. I'll send up a pint of rum and a spoonful of water.

[Exit, L. H. 1 E.]

Mor. I wish old Sal Snouter had left her rhino to anybody else but me—it makes me quite uncomfortable. I'm obliged to keep ashore to spend it; for I do believe, that the best craft as ever swam would founder, if her boatswain had four thousand pounds in 3½ per cent. consols as I have. In course, I must hold a court-martial on Hugh—I'm a rich uncle, he's a poor nevey. No landsman's wench shall have the spending of my money. Halloo, Sal!

Enter BETSY THOMAS, R. H. 1 E.

Betsy. My name aint Sal, sir.

Mor. Ye needn't brace your nose up so taut, if it isn't Sal! but I calls all nice gals Sal, cos that was the name of my sweetheart.

Betsy. What an idea!

Mor. Warn't it! and what's more, I always gives them a kiss. (Kisses her.)

Betsy. Oh, you nasty tarry thing! why the brute has tobacco in his mouth.

[Exit, R. H.]

Mor. There, that's your land craft! Now Hugh's going to splice himself to one of them creaturs—the boy shan't founder that way; no! I'll get somebody to write a letter to Meg Larkin of Falmouth—she must be a nice steady woman by this time, and will take Hugh under convoy.

Lyddy. (sings without, L. H. 1 E.)

The wind that blows, and the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor.

Enter LYDDY, L.

Lyddy. I beg pardon, sir.

Mor. What for, my dear Sally? for piping better than ever I did in my life—ay, Sally.

Lyddy. Myname arn't Sally, though that's a very pretty name.

Mor. On course; my first sweetheart was Sal, and I always kisses pretty gals, cos they are so unlike her. (Kisses her.)

Lyddy. (Curtseys.) Thank you, sir.

Mor. You're uncommon welcome. Do you find anything unpleasant about me?

Lyddy. La, sir!

Mor. I mean, do I smell tarry?

Lyddy. O yes; but that arn't unpleasant, it puts me in mind of a ship,—I do love a ship.

(Sings.)

'Twas in the good ship Rover,
I sailed the world all round;
And for three years and Over,
I ne'er touched British ground.

Mor. Sally, you're an angel! can you write

Lyddy. Yes.

Mor. Well, I can't, I can only make my mark, and I've done that in more ways than one. Sally, here's some signal bunting, now just sit down and put a few ideas of mine into printing.

Lyddy. Well, sir, I'm ready.

(Sits at table, R. C.)

Mor. You must know I've a nevey.

Lyddy. (Aside.) I know it.

Mor. A devilish nice chap.

Lyddy. (Aside.) I know that, too.

Mor. Uncommon like me about the figure head.

Lyddy. (Aside.) That I don't know.

Mor. Well, would you believe it, he's what they call, fell in love?

Lyddy. Indeed!

Mor. And with such a thing, I'm ashamed to own it, he's fell in love with a milliner that keeps a ap'orium, or summat like that.

Lyddy. Very pleasant—(aside) well, sir!

Mor. So you see I want you to write for me to Meg Larkin at Falmouth, just to ax'her if she has no objection to come here and marry him.

Lyddy. And who is Meg Larkin, sir?

Mor. Oh, she's a very respectable person, she was a bumboat woman about thirty years ago; she was first of all in the slop line, but she afterwards took to bumming, you see; I ain't seen her face this five and twenty years, but then she was a pictur!

Lyddy. (Aside.) And must be a fine old painting by this time!

Mor. Such a beam, clean below and aloft, and when she sot in the starn sheets of her boat with the wedgetables and mayhap a drop of the right sort afore her, she looked like the young 'ooman that came out of the sea, Wenus—Wenus, that's what they called her—I gave her my likeness done in Ingy black; I had two of 'em done for a crown—my nevey's got t'other.

Lyddy. (Aside.) This miniature may be turned to some account. By-the-bye, how very strange, Meg Larkin is now on a visit to a neighbour of my aunt's.

Mor. No!

Lyddy. Yes, and if you like I'll write your note and take it to her myself.

Mor. You shall. Now begin, Dear Meg Larkin.

Lyddy. Done, "Dear Meg Larkin—"

Mor. Dear Meg Larkin—my dear Meg Larkin—You know what I want to say, so suppose you find out her port, whilst I look out for my nevey.

Lyddy. I'll do it, for I think it's a shame for Mr. Morgan to marry a milliner.

Mor. On course, and specially when there's such a bumboat woman as Meg Larkin to be had for asking.

[Exit, R. H. 1 B.—Clear stage.]

SCENE II.—Interior of Dame Williams's Cottage, a bright sunlight view at the back, a large book on table, R. C.—a white dress across the back of a chair.

DAME and GWYNNETH discovered, Gwynneth at table, L. C.

Dame (Taking off her spectacles and pointing to book.) You see, dear Gwynneth, there is comfort for the most wretched.

Gwyn. Yes, dear mother; I am not unhappy now. I do not weep as I used to do—though sometimes I

think I should be happier for tears; I have not shed one—no, not one since my poor father died—is not that strange?

Dame. It is, child, but the heart has many forms of sorrow.

Gwyn. I remember in one of my dreams—one of those waking dreams, when my reason only slumbers, that my fate was united with that of a flower—it was in full blossom—bending with beauty, when methought its leaves suddenly grew crisp and colourless, as though they needed moisture—I sought everywhere for water, but spring and stream dried up as I approached them; when I returned, my flower had withered, and then I felt the want of tears. (Rises.)

Dame. Her mind is again wandering. My poor lost son, this is a miserable tribute to your memory.

Gwyn. What have I said, mother? you are crying! I must have been speaking of Owen.

Dame. No, Gwynneth, no.

Gwyn. You should not sorrow, then; you know he told me that when the spring returned he would come back again.

Dame. He'll come no more.

Gwyn. Yes, yes, the snow has gone at last—though I thought it would never melt; it seemed to me like a shroud that covered the dead earth; when it went, I saw the green grass, I danced with joy, for then I knew the Spring would come again to seek her flowers. (Crosses to R. and round behind to L. H.)

Dame. The fit is still upon her; poor Gwynneth! she has no comfort now but what her madness brings her.

Gwyn. (At back.) Mother! mother! what is this? (Looks at white dress.)

Dame. It is yours, Gwynneth—your wedding dress.

Gwyn. Mine! mother you are mocking me—a winding sheet will be my bridal dress!

Dame. (Aside.) Alas! I fear so.

Gwyn. I have been mad again, have I not, mother? your silence tells me that I have—I know it, for my heart throbs as though 'twould break.

Dame. Poor child! there, lay your head upon my bosom,

Gwyn. Yes, yes, for when I think that Owen has slumbered there, I feel as though I could rest upon it for ever—but tell me, when I am mad, do I speak of him as though I loved him?

Dame. Yes, Gwynneth!

Gwyn. I'm glad of that, I'm glad of that, for it will prove to him that nothing can change me.

Dame. Would that he had known how much you loved him!

Gwyn. He does—I've told him so, again and again, and then he smiles upon me—you remember his smile—soft and lovely as the first dawn of morning in the Valley of Tremadoc.

Dame. She will break my heart.

Gwyn. Mother, leave me now, for I feel that I would be alone—he's coming to me.

(Soft music till Evan enters.)

Dame. Heaven send peace to her troubled mind, or the slumber that hath no dreams.

[Exit R.]

Gwyn. (To soft music—seems to be listening to a speaker—she then sighs, as though bidding him farewell.) Farewell, Owen, farewell—but for a little time. I knew that he would keep his promise—he will, he will return to me! (Goes to table.)

Enter EVAN PRITCHARD, L. 1 E.

Evan. I have sought her once again, to urge my hopeless passion—I feel that nothing can give me peace, but the devotion of my life to her I have so cruelly injured. Gwynneth!

Gwyn. Ah, Evan! *(Holds her hand to him.)*

Evan. *(Kissing it.)* Gwynneth, dear Gwynneth; 'tis long since you called me by that name.

Gwyn. Yes, you have known how strange all has been here, but I am better now; I wake ever and anon as though it were from a dream that hath no ending, that haunts me as reality—when my mind is calm.

Evan. Do not talk of that now, Gwynneth, but listen to me. Can you bear me to speak of the past?

Gwyn. Yes, even of Owen!

Evan. You remember that he—that he is—

Gwyn. Dead; I remember all that—drowned—drowned!

Evan. Gwynneth, for five long weary years I have loved you, without hope; nay, worse than that, without your pity for my hopelessness.

Gwyn. No! all here have my pity, whose love meets no return.

Evan. You have spurned me with harsh words, and cold looks, till my heart became ice, Gwynneth—but like frozen waters, a smile, a gentle word from you, hath melted it again.

Gwyn. Forgive me, Evan, forgive me—you know the wreck I am.

Evan. Yes, Gwynneth, I know that; and more, I look back and see that mine was the hand that steered the vessel on the reef, that my love, yes, my love for you, hath worked your ruin, and my brain burns with the retrospection.

Gwyn. Why tell this to me?

Evan. To offer you an atonement for the past, Gwynneth—I will make you my wife. *(She starts.)* I will attend you night and day with an untiring patience; even your phantasies shall be to me as the commands of your reason; I will serve you with so holy a love, that he, even he, who is no more, *(takes her hand.)* shall from his place above us, bless me, for my care of you.

Gwyn. Evan, you must not think me heartless, think me what I am—*mad*—if you wish; but every word you have now spoken in kindness to me, hath made me *hate* you.

Evan. Gwynneth!

Gwyn. Do not interrupt me, my intervals of reason are too brief, too uncertain, for me to pause now. Evan, you know not the jealousy of that love that is buried with the dead; you know not how sacred every thought of the living becomes for the poor dust that knows not it is remembered, or you had been dumb forever ere you had spoken to me as you have done.

Evan. You wrong me, Gwynneth, you wrong me.

Gwyn. Peace! and hear me; you have destroyed a love that was destitute of passion, or the pride of triumph; it was a mingling of *mind* with *mind*, a wondrous combination of hopes and fears that felt for both, and yet for neither separately. You broke the charm, and left us the grave—and *madness*!

Evan. I have deserved this; but tell me that you forgive me, Gwynneth?—let not a wretched, repentant man, be driven to despair. Nay, do not leave me thus, say that you forgive me.

Gwyn. Forgive you! from my poor broken heart

I do; and Evan—*(Sees a white flower in his coat.)* what's that, a flower? the young spring's herald. He will return—he will return!

Evan. Gwynneth, look up! let me not feel too deeply that this is my work—look up.

Gwyn. Yes, I must be stirring, my wedding garments are scarce completed. *(Crosses to R.)* Have you ever watched a young bride waiting for him to whom she has given her love? the blushes on her cheeks fading to the whiteness of her bridal dress, and then the quick pulses of her heart, driving the crimson current of her life back again into her cheeks; have you ever seen this?

Evan. Yes, Gwynneth!

Gwyn. And what did you deem she felt!

Evan. Joy!

Gwyn. Joy! a feeling that even those who love not sometimes have. No! 'tis more than that: it is the consummation of the hopes that her young life has cherished—that one would be to her a haven against the perils of the world; it is the fear that time may change her, and that the love she hath inspired may die within him. These are the feelings of a happy bride; what—what are mine?

Evan. Be calm, dear girl.

Gwyn. What—when my betrothed is coming!—I have been silent long, and now must speak of him. How will he look, Evan?—will there be any trace of the cold waters on his cheeks?—will not his heart be changed by absence, and by sorrow?

Evan. I cannot speak to her.

Gwyn. I am changed, too; but not here, not here. *(Her heart.)* Was it not foolish of me to weep, as I have wept for him; I knew his love for me, and should have believed his truth. Mother! mother! *(Crosses to R.)* Owen will return! my bride clothes—my bride clothes!

(Soft music—exit, R.—Evan, door in flat. Clear Stage.)

SCENE III.—The same as Scene I., Act II.

Enter MORGAN and HUGH, L. R.

Mor. So, younker, you've found your way into port at last, have you?

Hugh. *(Aside.)* Vocative—oh!

Mor. Have you laid in your cargo of caps and furbelows.

Hugh. *(Aside.)* He has heard of Lyddy.

Mor. What, dumbfounded—eh?

Hugh. Why, really, uncle, your style of elocution is so *marine*, that I can't see it.

Mor. Can't you! then how dare you fall in love with a milliner, when you know I'd as soon see you spliced to an Esquimaux?

Hugh. A pleasant selection—an elegant tattoo heightened with oil. The fact is, uncle, I love the girl, and there's an end of it.

Mor. Oh, very well; if there's an end of it. I've nothing to say. If you don't intend to marry, why in course—

Hugh. I am sorry to spoil your argument, but I do! Miss Pryse has every prospect of being Mrs. Morgan before the end of the month.

Mor. Hark ye, Hugh! you know what Sal Snouter left me?—four thousand pounds—not one shilling do you touch, if you come athwart my hawse.

Hugh. Uncle!

Mor. Let me say my say. I've sent to Meg Larkins—she'll be here at eight bells; she's a tidy seafaring woman, and if you don't marry her, I'll

cut you adrift, without as much as would stock you with biscuit for a cruise in a washing-tub.

Hugh. Now, uncle, if you see Lyddy, and tell me she's not worthy to be my wife, I'll consent.

Mor. She's a milliner, and would faint at the smell of my bace; I won't see her.

Hugh. Very well, then, I will. Mrs. Snouter's reversion would be very acceptable; but I'd rather educate the parish at a penny a head, without charging *birch* as an *extra*, than desert my Lyddy. Uncle, she's a paragon! her millinery is miraculous.

[Exit, L.]

Mor. Why, he's swallowed a *dic*—o—nary; if I only knew what them words signified, I'd go to sea and never set foot on shore again, as long as I live.

Enter WAITER, L.

Waiter. Oh, sir, here's a woman *below* that wants to come aloft.

Mor. Ah, that's English; what's her name?

Waiter. Mrs. Margaret Larkins.

Mor. What, blooming Meg! Pass the word for her—Meg Larkins, ahoy!

Waiter. Meg Larkins, ahoy!

[Exit Waiter, L.]

Mor. Splice my old wig—but I feel quite young at the sound of her name.

Enter LYDDY, L., as an old woman of sixty.

I'll give her such a cessarara! (*Turns and sees her.*) Belay—belay—here's false sailing!

Lyddy. What, Morgan, my old boy—have you forgotten me? Give us a buss for old acquaintance.

Mor. Avast, there—I am not going to be boarded by a pirate! You, Meg Larkins—bless your old nonsense—why, Meg's as plump as a jolly boat, and as blooming as a figure-head just painted!

Lyddy. Meg Larkins was so, indeed, when Morgan Morgan was a dashing foremast man, with a light step and a ruddy face, and his jet black hair tied up in a tail as thick as the cable of the best bower. Look here, Morgan; here is your likeness in Ingy black.

(Shows likeness.)

Mor. Ah, I had a tail then!

Lyddy. Five and twenty years have passed since then, and we're both changed for the worse.

Mor. I'd forgotten that, Meg.

Lyddy. Well, so you want me to marry your nephew?

Mor. Ah!

Lyddy. I don't mind obliging of you, Morgan; so if you think the youngster would be constant, I'll risk the happy state once again.

Mor. Why, Meg, d'y'e see, I've somehow or other lost thirty-five years out of my log; and not being much of a scholar, I've made a precious mess of my reckoning.

Lyddy. How so, Morgan, how so?

Mor. Why, I didn't think you were so near out of commission, Meg—not quite so—so old, and now the murder's out.

Lyddy. Ha, ha! to call me old! why, I'd dance a jig or a reel with any girl in her teens.

(Hums and dances.)

Enter HUGH MORGAN, L. H. 1 E.

Mor. Meg! Meg! don't be an old fool! here's my nevey.

Hugh. Now for a penitent face! Hem! well, uncle, I have had a repetition of our last conversation, and I am come to confess my errors.

Mor. No, no, never mind that.

Hugh. I beg your pardon, sir, "Confess your faults" is a good round hand copy—though I have declined Mrs. Larkins, I beg now to express my readiness to marry her.

Mor. No—no!

Lyddy. Spoke like a man; I'm Meg Larkins!

Mor. Whew!

Hugh. As the Uxor selected for me by my uncle, I'll fire my first salute.

(Kisses her.)

Mor. I've been an old fool here! but it shan't be said that Morgan Morgan step'd a new mast into an old hull.

Lyddy. What do you mean? I accept the young man.

Mor. You're an old fool!

Lyddy. Fool! I throw myself on my natural protector.

(Throws herself into Hugh's arms.)

Hugh. Yes, Mrs. Larkins! uncle's promise shall be to me a definite article.

Mor. A pretty kettle of fish I've cooked. Waiter!

Enter WAITER, L. H.

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Mor. Do you want fifty guineas?

Waiter. As badly as any man in the three kingdoms.

Mor. Do you see that old—hem! that young 'ooman?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Mor. I'll give you fifty guineas to marry her, and see her safe back to Falmouth.

Waiter. That's tempting, if I like the quality; (*crosses to her.*) a young woman!

Mor. I'm settled.

Lyddy. (*Aside to Waiter.*) Don't you know me? I'm Lyddy Pryse—take the money.

Waiter. Lyddy. (*Aside.*) Sir, I accept the bounty.

Mor. Done! there's just the sum! and now sheer off.

(Gives money.)

Lyddy. Am I then rejected? Morgan, you're a brute! but never mind! (*Crosses L.*) Ladies of a certain age ought not to be too particular! Morgan, you're a brute.

[Exit with Waiter, L. H.]

Mor. Nevey!

Hugh. Uncle!

Mor. I'm afraid I look like an old fool.

Hugh. Why, to speak plainly, I think you do. I can't say much for your tidy seafaring woman, she's not the craft one would take as a consort, for the rough and smooth, uncle.

Mor. I must square this reckoning with you; I've been a coming Captain Grand a little too strong; so as you'll have to man the vessel, why, lad, let her be one of your own choosing.

[Exit, L. H. 1 E.]

SCENE IV.—Exterior of Dame Williams's Cottage, R. 2. E.—Mountainous Scene—Valley—Set Village, &c.

DAME and OWEN WILLIAMS discovered seated on bench, R.

Owen. Look up, dear mother, Heaven has preserved your son to be a solace to your age.

Dame. They told me you were dead. Bless you!—bless you. (*Kisses him.*)

Owen. I have encountered fearful peril, mother—shipwreck—disease, and penury—but now I have returned with a full purse and a light heart, never to part with you again.

Dame. Oh, my son! none can know the anguish I have endured. I have kept my griefs in secret from the world, until my heart was well nigh broken, Owen.

Owen. Nay, mother! no more tears! we will think of nothing now but happy days—yet there is one question I would ask you—is Gwynneth—is she married?

Dame. No, Owen, not married, but—

Owen. Dead!

Dame. No; she is living, but—

Owen. Why do you pause? I have known too much sorrow to fear the worst that fate can bring me.

Dame. My son, you must learn from other lips than mine poor Gwynneth's story; come to me presently; my heart is bursting with its thankfulness for this day's mercy, alloyed only by the sorrow that is yet in store for you.

[*Exit into cottage, R.*]

Enter EVAN PRITCHARD, L. J. E.

Evan. Stranger—What! do I dream! is it Owen Williams?

Owen. Ay, Evan! your old schoolfellow, Owen Williams!

Evan. Owen, your presence has taken a weight from off my mind that was growing insupportable.

Owen. What mean you?

Evan. Owen, I was your rival in Gwynneth's love—you knew not the hold you had upon her heart; by the basest means—which I then felt to be venial—I cheated you into the belief that she was faithless to you.

Owen. My mother has deceived me!—villain!

Evan. Yes, I deserve that title. Hear me to an end, and then—

Owen. Evan Pritchard! you were my schoolfellow and boyhood friend—my confidant in manhood—I loved you as a brother—you have now confessed to have worked my ruin since we last met. I have contended with miseries that mock the imagination—I have struggled with the great sea—I have fought with disease that must have conquered—but for the one faint hope that Gwynneth Vaughan might yet be mine. I come home again—and find my early friend, by a villain's arts, has won her for his wife.

Evan. No! not for my wife!

Owen. What—not your wife! Dare you answer that which I dare hardly ask—have you brought shame upon her?

Evan. The mountain snow is not more pure than is Gwynneth Vaughan.

Owen. Not married!—not dead!—not dishonoured!—what is this mystery? will none answer me?

Enter VILLAGERS, L. H. 2 E.

—Yes, here come those who will relieve me from suspense.

Omnes. Welcome, Owen, welcome home again!

Owen. Yes, I feel your kindness; but answer me where is—Silent all! Are these the friends who

watched my cradle when a boy, or grew with me into manhood?—are these my friends that stand coldly by, see my heart torn with its fears, and yet will not answer me?

Johns. Owen, look there

Enter GWYNNETH AND DAME WILLIAMS, R.

Owen. What do I see?—Gwynneth dressed as for a bridal! How pale—how joyless! 'Tis not by her own free will she wears those garments! Gwynneth—Gwynneth Vaughan!

Gwyn. I have been long; but these things are not done in a moment; where is my mother?

Dame. Here, love.

Gwyn. You should not leave me now—a maiden on her wedding morn needs all her mother's sympathy. Think you he will know me?

Owen. Gwynneth!

Gwyn. He's coming—that was Owen's voice—he shall not see my blushes.

Owen. Gwynneth! speak to me one word, though that should be to break my heart!

Gwyn. How fondly he presses my hand; I will not speak to him till we are at the altar.

Owen. Merciful heaven! it is her mind and not her love, that I have lost.

Evan. Dame, speak to her, she will know your voice; tell her that Owen has returned.

Dame. Gwynneth.

Gwyn. Is he coming, mother?

Dame. Yes, child; see, here is Owen!

Gwyn. I see him now; Owen, dear Owen!

Owen. Gwynneth!

Gwyn. You have come to marry me, have you not? They have laughed and jeered at me for saying so; but I knew that you would come, when the flowers—tell them that I am to be your bride.

Owen. I will, Gwynneth; friends, before you all, I promise to make Gwynneth Vaughan my wife.

Gwyn. They told me you were dead—they knew not how often I had seen you die; I have seen you through the long night, when I could not sleep, buffetted with the wild waves, whilst sea birds—strange unsightly things, hovered round you, till I have driven them away with my cries, and then you have turned your face to me and smiled, as though to thank me. Oh! I am sad! very sad!

(*Weeps.*)

Evan. Let her weep, perchance her consciousness will return; and by this sudden revulsion of feeling, her reason may be restored to her.

Owen. Heaven grant it may!

Evan. Owen, stand aside with me.

(*They retire.*)

Gwyn. What have I been doing?—why are ye all here?—this dress?—oh! to what has my madness led me?

Dame. You have been speaking of Owen, and in your fancy, telling him of your past sufferings; do you think that you should know his voice again?

Gwyn. Know it, mother? ay, amid a myriad of sounds!

Dame. There are strange stories of the sea, and of those who traverse it.

Gwyn. Ay, and there is oftentimes given to minds like mine a strange power of divination; what I now speak are not the words of madness, for I know when I am mad; but as surely as the sun shines over us, Owen lives! your looks confirm it,—he lives! I feel he lives!

Owen. (*c.*) Gwynneth!

Gwyn. That was Owen's voice! Oh, let me see

him while my reason lasts! Owen—Owen! (*Falls into his arms.*)

Owen. (*After a pause.*) I fear to break this silence, lest I should find the chain for ever broken?

Gwyn. And you have come at last, not as my fancy pictured, the tenant of a grave, but as my own Owen, the idol of my girlish love. I have suffered much—perchance must suffer more—for the idle vanity that made you an exile, and myself mad. Heaven has preserved you, Owen, to bless a mother's

declining years, and to temper the punishment allotted to Gwynneth Vaughan.

Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

VILLAGERS. VILLAGERS. VILLAGERS.
DAME W. GWYNNETH. OWEN.
EVAN. JOHNS.

R

L

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING, PER POST 3d. EXTRA.

ENTRANCES AND EXITS.

BY MRS. E. WINSTANLEY.

A Pathetic Story of Theatrical Life, with Graphic Descriptions of the Trials and Vicissitudes of a Struggling Actor.

BEING No. 8 OF DICKS' ENGLISH NOVELS.

JOHN DICKS. 313, Strand.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DICKS' ENGLISH CLASSICS.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—Complete: containing all the great Poet's Plays, 37 in number, from the Original Text. The whole of his Poems, with Memoir and Portrait, and 37 Illustrations.

IRON'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—A New Edition of the Works of Lord Byron. 636 Pages, 21 Illustrations.

POPE'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—The works of Alexander Pope, complete. With Notes, by Joseph Wharton, D.D. Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—The Works of Oliver Goldsmith, with Memoir and Portrait. New and complete Illustrated Edition.

SMITH'S WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Vignette.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition of the Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated.

SWIFT'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

MILTON'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new Edition, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

COWPER'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

WORDSWORTH'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.

BURNS' POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—This new and complete Edition of the Poems of Robert Burns is elaborately illustrated, and contains the whole of the Poems, Life, and Correspondence of the great Scottish Bard.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.

THOMSON'S SEASONS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—The works of James Thomson, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and four Illustrations.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, Sixpence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Translation, complete, with numerous Illustrations.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, Illustrated.—Twopence. Post-free, 2d. Unabridged Edition. [REMIT HALFPENNY STAMPS.]

DICKS' ENGLISH NOVELS.

Now Publishing, in perfect volume form, price Sixpence, a Series of Original Novels, by the most popular Authors. Each Novel contains from TEN TO TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

For a Woman's Sake. W. Phillips.
 Against Tide. Miriam Ross.
 Hush Money. C. H. Ross.
 Talbot Harland. W. H. Ainsworth.
 Will She Have Him? A. Graham.
 Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens.
 Counterfeit Coin. Author of "Against Tide."
 Entrances & Exits. Author of "Anstruthra."
 Eugene Aram. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.
 Tower Hill. W. H. Ainsworth.
 Rose & Shamrock. Author of "Lestelle."
 South-Sea Bubble. W. H. Ainsworth.
 Nobody's Fortune. Edmund Yates.
 Twenty Straws. Author of "Carnythia."
 Lord Lisie's Daughter. C. M. Braeme.
 After Many Years. Author of "Against Tide."
 Rachel, the Jewess. M. E. O. Malen.
 What is to Be. Author of "Twenty Straws."
 John Trevlyn's Revenge. E. Phillips.
 Bound by a Spell. H. Rebek.
 Yellow Diamond. Author of "Lestelle."
 The Younger Son. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
 Pelham. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.
 Naomi. Author of "Rachel."
 Sweet & Garnished. A. W. Thompson.
 Jennie Gray. Author of "Against Tide."
 Lestelle. Author of "Yellow Diamond."
 Tracked. Author of "Bound by a Spell."
 Carnythia. Author of "Twenty Straws."
 Violet and Rose. Author of "Blue Bell."
 Cost of a Secret. Author of "Two Pearls."
 Terrible Tales. By G. A. Sala.
 Doomed. Author of "Tracked."
 White Lady. Author of "Ingaretha."
 Link your Chain. Author of "Blue Bell."
 Two Pearls. Author of "Lestelle."
 Young Cavalier. Author of "Tracked."
 The Shadow Hand. Author of "Naomi."
 Wentworth Mystery. Watts Phillips.
 Merry England. W. H. Ainsworth.
 Blue Bell. Author of "Link your Chain."
 Humphrey Grant's Will. Author "Doomed."
 Jessie Phillips. Mrs. Trollope.
 A Desperate Deed. By Erskine Boyd.

45. Blanche Fleming. By Sara Dunn.
 46. The Lost Earl. By P. McDermott.
 47. The Gipsy Bride. By M. E. O. Malen.
 48. Last Days of Pompeii. By Sir E. L. Bulwer.
 49. The Lily of St. Erne. By Mrs. Crow.
 50. The Goldsmith's Wife. W. H. Ainsworth.
 51. Hawthorne. By M. E. O. Malen.
 52. Bertha. By Author "Bound by a Spell."
 53. To Rank through Crime. By R. Griffiths.
 54. The Stolen Will. By M. E. O. Malen.
 55. Poms and Vanities. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
 56. Fortune's Favourites. By Sara Dunn.
 57. Mysterious House in Chelsea. By E. Boyd.
 58. Two Countesses & Two Lives. M. E. Malen.
 59. Playing to Win. George Manville Fenn.
 60. The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens.
 61. Doom of the Dancing Master. C. H. Ross.
 62. Wife's Secret. Author of "The Heiress."
 63. Castlerose. Margaret Blount.
 64. Golden Fairy. Author of "Lestelle."
 65. The Birthright. Author of "Castlerose."
 66. Misery Joy. Author of "Hush Money."
 67. The Mortimers. Author of "Wife's Secret."
 68. Chetwynd Calverley. W. H. Ainsworth.
 69. Woman's Wiles. Mrs. Crow.
 70. Ashfield Priory. Author of "Rachel."
 71. Brent Hall. By Author of "Birthright."
 72. Lance Urquhart's Loves. Annie Thomas.
 73. For Her Natural Life. Mrs. Winstanley.
 74. Marlon's Quest. Mrs. Laws.
 75. Imogen Herbert. Author of "Mortimers."
 76. Ladye Laura's Wraith. P. McDermott.
 77. Fall of Somerset. W. H. Ainsworth.
 78. Pearl of Levonby. By M. E. O. Malen.
 79. My Lady's Master. By C. Stevens.
 80. Beatrice Tyldesley. By W. H. Ainsworth.
 81. Overtaken. By Starr Kilvers.
 82. Held in Thrall. By Mrs. L. Crow.
 83. Ernest Maltravers. By Sir E. L. Bulwer.
 84. Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens.
 85. Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens.
 86. Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens.
 87. Paul Clifford. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.
 88. Kienzi. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

6d. SIXPENCE; post free, 9d. Except ENTRANCES AND EXITS and NOBODY'S FORTUNE, double size, ONE SHILLING. Remit Halfpenny Stamps.

London JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Favourite Illustrated Magazines of the Day, for the Home Circle,

BOW BELLS,

Published Every Wednesday, contains

Twenty-four large folio Pages of Original Matter by Popular Writers, and about Twelve Illustrations by Eminent Artists, and is the Largest in the World.

The General Contents consist of Two or Three Continuous Novels, Tales of Adventure founded on fact, Tales of Heroism, also founded on fact, History and Legends of Old Towns, with Illustrative Sketches from the Original Pictures, Complete Stories, Tales, Picturesque Sketches, Tales of Operas, Lives of Celebrated Actresses (past and present), Adventures, National Customs, Curious Facts, Memoirs with Portraits of Celebrities of the Day, Essays, Poetry, Fine Art Engravings, Original and Select Music, Pages Devoted to the Ladies, The Work-Table, Receipts, Our Own Sphinx, Acting Charades, Chess, Varieties, Sayings and Doings, Notices to Correspondents, &c.

Weekly. One Penny. Monthly Parts, Ninepence. Remit Threehalfpence in Stamps, for Specimen Copy.

With the Monthly Parts are Presented:—Fancy Needlework Supplements, Coloured Parisian Plates, Berlin Wool Patterns, Fashionable Parisian Head-dresses, Point Lace Needlework, &c. &c.

ALL THE BEST AVAILABLE TALENT, ARTISTIC AND LITERARY, ARE ENGAGED.

Volumes I to XXXVI, elegantly bound, Now Ready.

Each Volume contains nearly 300 Illustrations, and 640 Pages of Letterpress. These are the most handsome volumes ever offered to the Public for Five Shillings. Post-free, One Shilling and Sixpence extra.

COMPANION WORK TO BOW BELLS.

Simultaneously with Bow BELLS is issued, Price One Penny, in handsome wrapper,

BOW BELLS NOVELETTES.

This work is allowed to be the handsomest Periodical of its class in cheap literature. The authors and artists are of the highest repute. Each number contains a complete Novelette of about the length of a One-Volume Novel.

Bow Bells Novelettes consists of sixteen large pages, with three beautiful illustrations, and is issued in style far superior to any other magazines ever published. The work is printed in a clear and good type, on paper of a fine quality.

Bow Bells Novelettes is also published in Parts, Price Sixpence, each part containing Four Complete Novels, Vols. I to VII, each containing Twenty-five complete Novels, bound in elegantly coloured cover, price 2s. 6d., or bound in cloth, gilt-lettered, 4s. 6d.

EVERY WEEK.—This Illustrated Periodical, containing sixteen large pages, is published every Wednesday, simultaneously with Bow BELLS. It is the only Halfpenny Periodical in England, and is about the size of the largest weekly journal except Bow BELLS. A Volume of this Popular Work is published Half-yearly. Vol. XXVI, now ready, price Two Shillings. Weekly, One Halfpenny. Monthly, Threepence.

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF OLD CASTLES AND ABBEYS.—With Illustrations from Original Sketches. The Historical Facts are compiled from the most authentic sources, and the Original Legends and Engravings are written and drawn by eminent Authors and Artists. The Work is printed in bold, clear type, on good paper; and forms a handsome and valuable Work, containing 743 quarto pages, and 190 Illustrations. Price Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.

DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD PLAYS.—Price One Penny each. Comprising all the most Popular Plays, by the most Eminent Writers. Most of the Plays contain from 16 to 32 pages, are printed in clear type, on paper of good quality. Each Play is illustrated, and sewn in an illustrated Wrapper. Numbers 1 to 820, now ready.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Price One Shilling. Post free, 1s. 6d. This remarkably cheap and useful book contains everything for everybody, and should be found in every household.

DICKS' BRITISH DRAMA.—Comprising the Works of the most Celebrated Dramatists. Complete in 12 Volumes. Each volume containing about 20 plays. Every Play illustrated. Price One Shilling each Volume. Per Post, Fourpence extra.

BOW BELLS HANDY BOOKS.—A Series of Little Books under the above title. Each work contains 64 pages, printed in clear type, and on fine paper.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Etiquette for Ladies. | 3. Language of Flowers. | 5. Etiquette on Courtship and Marriage. |
| 2. | 4. Guide to the Ball Room. | |

Price 3d. Post free, 3½d. Every family should possess the BOW BELLS HANDY BOOKS.

THE TOILETTE: A Guide to the Improvement of Personal Appearance and the Preservation of Health. A New Edition, price 1s., or by post, 1s. 1d., cloth, gilt.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Bookellers.

DICKS' BRITISH DRAMA.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

Now Publishing, One Penny, Weekly,

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

The following are now Ready :

- | | |
|---|--|
| 188. The Lady of Lyons | 328. Barney the Baron and The Happy Man |
| 273. Oliver Twist | 329. Der Frieschutz |
| 302. Woman's Wit | 330. Hush Money |
| 306. Wild Oats | 331. East Lynne |
| 307. Rockwood | 332. The Robbers |
| 308. The Gambler's Fate | 333. The Bottle |
| 309. Horne the Hunter | 334. Kenilworth |
| 310. "Yes" and "No" | 335. The Mountaineers |
| 311. The Sea-Captain | 336. Simpson and Co. |
| 312. Eugene Aram | 337. A Roland for an Oliver |
| 313. The Wrecker's Daughter | 338. "The Turned Head" and "The Siamese Twins" |
| 314. Alfred the Great | 339. The Maid of Croissey |
| 315. The Wandering Minstrel and Intrigue | 340. Rip Van Winkle |
| 316. My Neighbour's Wife and The Married Bachelor | 341. The Court Fool |
| 317. Richelieu | 342. Uncle Tom's Cabin |
| 318. Money | 343. Deaf as a Post and A Soldier's Courtship |
| 319. Ion | 344. The Bride of Lammermoor |
| 320. The Bridal | 345. Gwynneth Vaughan |
| 321. Paul Pry | 346. Esmeralda |
| 322. The Love-Chase | 347. Joan of Arc |
| 323. Glencoe | 348. Town and Country |
| 324. The Spitalfield's Weaver and Stage Struck | 349. The Middy Ashore and Matteo Falcon |
| 325. Robert Macaire | 350. Duckness of Mall |
| 326. The Country Squire | 351. Naval Engagements |
| 327. The Athenian Captive | 352. Victorine, the Maid of Paris |

Each Play will be printed from the Original Work of the Author, without Abridgment.

To the Theatrical Profession, Amateurs, and others, this edition will prove invaluable as full stage directions, costumes, &c., are given. Resist penny stamp and receive a List of upwards of three hundred plays already published.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. All Newsagents.

PR
4333
L6G9
1832

Lemon, Mark

Gwynneth Vaughan Original
complete ed.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

